

Liberal Religious Youth
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--I was going through the files one morning...a dusty cabinet in the corner called to me. I opened the bottom drawer, and my eyes were met by files of old papers. I pulled out a copy from the back of the file, *Nameless Newsprint* circa 1969. An LRY Publication that preceded *Soup*. This article was written about LRY twelve years ago. LRY has been growing and changing continually since it's very beginnings...yet it has been said that the more thing change, the more things stay the same... For some reason this seemed appropriate...

Sharing Stones With Rings

Have you ever lived off the street?... Walked alone inside the rain?...Huddled in the darkness of doorways that never open and watched the faces move on past you?

Have you ever lived off the streets?... Not my street, yours--I don't remember you; Charles St., Boston; Haight St., San Francisco; York St., Toronto; University Ave., Berkeley..."23rd St." leads to Heaven, but if you walk its sidewalks alone you'll never get there.

And watching those faces pass by...eyes that lift wide for recognition but close again with nothingness, hands that reach from pockets but return empty...

And your pockets filled with stones to share ...so many stones...you wander the shores of a city metropolis searching for children to skip them with...dreams wrapped in crystal cloth...losing their magic because you can't find someone to unfold them for.

Have you walked alone down those endless streets looking for people to skip your gifts to, unwrap your dreams to?... Have you watched their faces and reached because there was a gentleness... you heard a voice, a word spoken, you looked up but there was no one there, then you turned, and there was a face that looked familiar... and you screamed inside but it didn't answer because it was your reflection in a store window.

Man, Have you walked down Patchen's "23rd St."... turning the corners of your lifetime, hoping that around one of them would be Heaven... hoping one would hold a thousand children, all with their pockets bulging with stones to share...hoping... but always turning and finding another doorway locked, another place where you thought you heard words but there was no one around to speak them.

If you have, then you know... Lonliness, (lonliness with a capital "L") that finds you in hidden doorways, that peers at you through store windows and then chases you down sidewalks..... that waits for you to turn those corners.

Lonliness...

I remember when I used to feel it... a lot of the time... then I got mixed up in some organization called Liberal Religious Youth... that was seven years ago... I still feel it (we all do) but not as much anymore. Sometimes I find myself walking senselessly alone down one of those streets, then I awake... think a little about where things are at... then run to the nearest shore where stones are being shared, voices heard ... children's laughter. Sometimes I visualize people joining in circles... faces that are familiar... two of those hands mine, touching the warmth of something in common... these people might call themselves LRYers.

Liberal Religious Youth... When I think about what I might have done if I hadn't happened to...you know...make the connections... I think of all the stones I might have buried in my back yard, high above the ocean because I hadn't found anyone to share them with. Well I don't even begin to remember what corner it all started around--I just feel my hands, my body and my mind... and they're warm from the circles I've lived within.

cont. on p.3



Sharing... (cont. from p.1)

But the seasons die and new ones are born... the circles turn and hands are always leaving for other circles... spaces for others to come and share. The circles turn to the music of their newer sounds, and the spirits of those who have come and gone dance within them... Circles turning... seasons changing... people moving on, taking memories with them. Remembering the warmth, and the ways they've grown.

Now I'm looking back at LRY... Where is LRY now?... I feel it's grown through strength and learning... I feel a whole historical background of both joy and pain from which it has grown... I feel a "newer understanding"... I see LRY growing from a child to an adult... slowly... aging as it pulls the things it's learned together, and I watch it bending lower to gather its changes and make its commitments... and it's beautiful, but I'm worried... and when I reach back I remember... I remember who was behind that corner... I remember the faces and the stones that were shared... I'm worried, and my worries are filled with confusion.

I want LRY to lift gently from the ground... taking its commitments with it... stand up and straighten... stretch itself to the sky and take deep, healthy breath of where things are at with all the hands that make the circles.

Now before we are all choked to death by abstracts, let me explain. Liberal Religious Youth now grows closer to the UUA... in becoming one... in a "newer understanding"... and it's beautiful. It is time for LRY to be part of the changes... to be a part of the growth. It is a time for LRY to find a basis in the Church... to understand and be understood. But within LRY and SRL there are many who don't feel close to the Unitarian Church... don't share the commitments. Some of these people are not Unitarians, but rather come from other religions; some have grown up in Unitarian Sunday schools, then drifted away; and some are struggling in understanding what a religion can be... it is for us.

"Liberal Religious Youth"... all these people have one thing in common... we need each other... we need to feel the warmth of other hands... no, not just the warmth, but more so the feeling that there are things to share, a place to go together... a place to grow together.

"A friend and I have grown very close through the years, emptying many pockets of stones to each other, sharing stones with rings, and special dreams wrapped in crystal cloth... now we are older... our feet a little firmer to the ground



we find the circles that seem to make our lives are different and it is getting harder to share them.

But our love is strong and the need to share is great. To have each other we must find new circles... open our lives and search for things in common... places to grow together."

Liberal Religious Youth has got to keep its oneness... its fellowship... the larger the circle that speaks of "we would be one." The larger circle from the smaller ones grows. A place with commitments, but more so a place away from our commitments (I said "our" commitments because we all have them... they're just different at times.)

LRY has been a place of diversity... reaching to the streets and pulling some people away from "Loneliness" back to where words are spoken, and where when you turn you'll find someone that wants to share them. LRYers have come from so many different streets... so many hidden doorways... and look at them... reach back and look at the roads they've travelled... so many different roads... and where those roads have taken them.

LRY has been an ocean, and for years we've stood on its shores and shared our stones... skipping them through each other's lives. And the stones we've shared have been of different shapes... some have felt good to hold in our hands, others haven't, but we've been able to share them all.

And I'd hate to wake up some day and find that some of the people that were a part of LRY, or could have been a part, were washed away because they didn't have the right things to share, or the right commitments... or the same roads to travel.

I want to see that larger circle wheeling... spinning through its music.

And the shores of LRY always lined with children--wandering, gathering, and filling their pockets with stones to share.

menlo macfarlane dec 4th '69 (?)
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DISSERTATION of a fool

By Michelle Walter



Throughout the ages history has recorded the presence of fools. Fools can be a number of things. Usually fools are people from all walks of life. There are good fools, bad fools, foolish fools, nobody's fool and fooling around. Some fools are easy to see, others contain their foolishness in more subtle ways.

A solid definition is always a plus when finding out fools. The Random House Dictionary provides an answer, "a silly or stupid person; who lacks sense." On the other hand, the dictionary reveals that a fool is "a dish made of fruit, scalded or stewed, crushed, and mixed with cream." A problem has arisen, what is a fool? Sounds delectable to one with a hearty appetite. Since the dictionary is not an accurate source, one must turn to the moral majority. The moral majority rules the thoughts and actions of most minds in our world. To help our predicament in defining fools, a look at who was classified as a fool in earlier times would be a great help.

A fool is usually someone who is different from most of the masses. Vincent Van Gogh was different. Through his paintings we interpret that he saw life in a blurred way. He also fits the block of a fool in love (those irrational, senseless people who thrive on happiness) he was so foolish he cut off his ear for love. One must wonder whether his talents

or actions were more foolish. It is a fact his foolishness was not fondly taken. Some fools discovered other fools were wrong. Galileo negated Aristotle's laws of nature. The medieval magistrates cried "fool!" while Galileo snickered "fools..." Now the magistrates must feel foolish. Adolf Hitler was a fool who undertook a campaign to make sure no one knew it. Actually, he lacked sense and was a firm fitter of the Random House definition. Joan of Arc was a fool because she stood up for what she believed in. Who were the fools while she lived?

Sometimes it was fashionable to be foolish. In medieval times a Feast of Fools took place once a year. It was a time when everyone was a fool for a day. It was the only time the real fools could rest easy. Soon the feast became to fool-hardy and had to be stopped. King Lear, a character in a play written by Shakespeare, was a reformed fool. He dunderheadedly saw love as something to be touched. He finally realized what love really was and died

foolishly happy. K.A. Porter wrote a novel depicting that the earth houses a ship of fools. Her philosophy is that each person is searching for happiness but there is no release and they are always threatened with destruction. Who is to say whether her ideas are foolish? Some fools state searching, learning, and interpreting are the keys to eternal bliss. No matter how the fact is revealed, fools are everywhere to be found.

James Douglas Morrison, a renowned fool of the late sixties, also announced that the earth is a "ship of fools". He did not, however, have the same views as Ms. Porter. He saw the world as a planet heading for destruction. Mr. Morrison died in his bathtub. (so they say--ed) With the dawn of technology and the decline of humanity, it seems the only fools are the ones who destroy the beauty surrounding them. Alas, the same question has yet to be answered...What is a fool?



Child of Lilacs
Soft scent breathes life
Radiating Wonder--beauty
Purple Lupin.
And a joyous giggle
Of my drunken--wine petals,
Sprinkling condensed
Sweet--grape-dew tears,
Cleansing the air.

My flavoring rush of
tendrils--spreading arbors,
Collecting the day Meditations
The Clusters of Lilacs
Hover on the brink of foolishness.

--Lisa Mule



Trace

Is there really such a thing as "the typical LRYer"?...Many years ago it was said that the only "typical" LRYers that existed were Joe Taco and his friend Suzy Creamcheese. Well, I can't say that Trace is typical...but I will say that every time he has performed this song at an LRY coffeehouse he has struck a familiar chord (or at least elicited a smile) from everyone in the room. At first I wasn't too sure how this would be received by the people who don't know Trace; but due to the flood of "we want Trace" letters, and, well, why not!? We proudly present to you this month's "coverperson"—(da ta da daaaa!) (wait for it...) Trace DeHaven!!!!!!!!!!!!

ON THE COVER of People Soup

(sung to the music of "On the Cover of The Rolling Stone" by Shel Silverstein)

Rewritten by Trace DeHaven

Well I've been to Every conference
for the last five years
And I know everybody's name!

I played a lotta "wink"
an' I played in The Retardos
So I'm legendary by now

I've taken all kinds of pills
To give me all kinds of thrills
but the thrill I've never known
is the thrill that'll get me
when I get my picture
On the cover of People Soup

(Chorus)

People Soup—
wanna see my picture on the cover
Soooup—
wanna steal five copies for my mother
Soooup—
wanna see my smilin' face
On the cover of People Soup

I've got fourteen ex ole one night stands
right here in this room
I got my latest sleazy bunny
keepin' my sleepin'-bag warm

Well I been real lucky
cuz I never use protection
but my reputations well known
you know I always look bitchy
But I can't get my picture
On the cover of People Soup

(Chorus)

You know I never go to workshops
An' I often get lost
in the stream of consciousness
Yes I love to foof the nubilees
and stay up till four o'clock
Those Ameobas always get me high

Well I've seen Rocky Horror
forty-two times
And I've dressed up like a punk

I've been the late night feature
but I couldn't get my picture
On the cover of People Soup

(Chorus)



An L.R.Y. conference as a religious and humanistic experience *by Patty James*

some excerpts...

"...Religion is the greatest motive/power on earth, far exceeding any other force in releasing the infinite energy in man, that is like a coiled spring, waiting to be freed."

The conference began with a nervous atmosphere, one that was annoying and depressing. The LRYers seemed to be groping about, trying to find that warm unity with one another; but the air was tense and insecure.

As more people arrived, they would be stampeded with hugs and kisses, "girls hugging girls, girls hugging boys, boys hugging boys, boys kissing boys." Everyone was happy to see each other, but they just couldn't relax.

By ten P.M., most everyone had arrived. We were told to all gather in the sanctuary for "awareness". The leader instructed our group (of about fifty people) to sit on the floor allowing enough space between one another to place our hands comfortably on the floor at our sides. We closed our eyes, and at the word of our leader, began to clap our hands on the floor. At first, not much was put into it, though the clapping soon became stronger and harder. It sounded like a hard rain, echoing into louder thunder. Yelling was added, screaming, clapping, louder—louder, piling and piling, layer upon layer of aggressive noise, and then—"STOP!"

Our leader said to stop, calm down, and start moving to the center of the room. When we were all sitting tightly, shoulder to shoulder and feeling the warmth of each others presence, with our eyes closed, we (this time with our hands in the air) reenacted the entire clapping and yelling game. Then we were sitting with our eyes closed, listening to the silence. Everything was calm and quiet.

The leader must have felt the mounting energy in the room, for he knew exactly when to break the silence. We began breathing exercises (with our eyes still closed).

We would inhale deeply, and exhale in loud "ahhs", again and again, until it began to blend. We could hear the same stream tying us all together. The exhale was changed to "oh", and then we mixed the two. At first the "oh"s and "ah"s were choppy and separat-

ated. It didn't take long, though, for this warm vibrating sound to take on all of the harmony of a gregorian chant. It was one long flow of voices, echoing and growing, and it even seemed to take on a tune; voices moving easily to highs and lows, all one together.

We were then told that we were free to leave. Nobody moved. Most of us didn't open our eyes. The leader repeated the offer. Slowly we rose, helping each other up, and automatically became a mass in the center of the room. None of us wanted to leave that atmosphere; because we were bonded together in harmony, spirit, and trust. We were a family.

The world has changed
because of the moment of
Unison.
Unison with the family
of love
My mind is at ease
My body is changed from
tired to peaceful weary 3

Many people sat together and sang with guitars for a few hours...and then we went to bed.

It is such a happy, secure feeling to wake to see the morning sun shining on so large a family, all asleep together peacefully.

The harmony from the night before still glowed strongly... (later on in the day) we were having a blind lunch. This was where the people all paired off, and one of each couple was blindfolded. The blind persons companion fed the person fresh fruit, home-made bread and unprocessed cheese. After the first person had their fill, the roles were switched. One has never fully used one's sense of taste until he or she has tried this. It brings an awareness that convinces one that nothing will ever taste the same again.

There were also people having blind walks. This is much like the lunch, only it takes an extreme amount of trust. As the blind person is lead on the arm of their partner, they must in fact become that person, and let every action be controlled by them. There is such a strong and curious sensation about kneeling to brush a cheek in the grass, fingers groping along the ground to find a rock in the crackling spiny dead leaves, and picking it up to smell it. Imagine.

Later in the afternoon were workshops and a water fight...participated in by about twenty-five people. It consisted of squirt guns, water balloons and big buckets. We were very wet.

After dinner, people mainly did as they liked. There was singing, helping one another with homework, and just talking. Here and there would be groups of five or six people walking arm in arm, grabbing anyone they saw, to extend the line. There were also kissing circles, and sudden foofing* epidemics. Foofing is when one person pulls up another's shirt, puts his mouth on the stomach, and blows, making a very loud noise. People do it to babies all the time...it tickles. Once one person does it, someone usually decides to become the "mad foofer", and goes about doing it to everyone, and of course, those people have to do it back, and have an epidemic.

At ten P.M. we were again called together for a family meeting...and settled in a large circle on the floor. While our four officers read, by candle light, a story they had written about LRY, we listened and passed kisses and hand-squeezes around the room.

The conference gave a new breath to my neglected purpose. I must help my friends to learn to live, live to love, love to learn. Share. Grow. Teach. Learn.

footnotes:

1--Henry Forman, Roland Gammon
Truth is One

2--Quote from a reading at family meeting
saturday night

3--Gayle Greenslade, after awareness gathering
* and sometimes spelled phoof, fuuf, fuuf...



"People are happy when you think about it...
When you don't, they're not."

BIOFEEDBACK MONITOR SYSTEM



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I went to LRY week on Star Island and attended a series of workshops designed to enlighten us on what feminism has to do with disarmament and what sexism has to do with militarism. The members of the workshop composed a statement or rather, a plea to live our lives in peace without the fear of nuclear annihilation. We thought this could be possible if our society redefined what it means to be a woman, to be a man, to live in America and to be militarily secure.

We worked exhaustively on this statement so that people who were not in our workshop could understand what we had learned. It had to be clear, concise, and above all, non-aggressive. In rough drafts, we had terms like "male dominated society" and "suppression of women" which outlined the feminism part of the workshop. These we eliminated. We did not condemn any ways of thinking about nuclear war and the Russians such as, "the Soviets are out to get us", "we can win a nuclear war", or, "there is nothing we can do about it". We said nothing about disarmament or even, directly, about an arms freeze. How soft a statement could it be?

Our objective was to have this statement ratified by the conference. In the end, it was not ratified. It died to all, save those who wrote it.

One rainy day, there was a mandatory business meeting for the Star Island Conference. There were ninety-six people of approximately one-hundred-and-fifteen conferees present. For the third time, I read our statement and asked that it be ratified by the conference. That evidently threw some people into a state of alarm. Many arguments ensued on how we should vote--pro, con, "no" votes, and abstentions. Finally we voted. There were about eighty "for" and about twenty "against". We had a majority. Immediately a furor arose over the twenty or so people who were not present. It was said that we could not ratify the statement without them being there because who knows whether those absent would have voted against our proposal?

Anyway, it was decided, that although we had a majority at the business meeting, that this voting did not count. Instead, we would wait until bedcheck at 11:30 when a door to door vote would be taken by the bed-checker.

There was no vote at bedcheck. By then, the word was out that the statement would not get the votes needed and by talking about it, we were splitting the conference.

As I see it, the LRYers on Star did not want any one to break their bubble of Nirvana or anarchy to tell them that there is work to be done to build a peaceful world. We could not even have discussion on our statement without the fear of splitting the conference. Why can't we talk about it without such devastating consequences? Was I expecting too much when I thought LRYers would be the least anathematic of American youth and the most apt to be virtuous and moral?

Why were people so alarmed when we proposed this plea? Nothing like our statement had ever been proposed for ratification on Star but that did not mean that it could never be done! There were no rules to follow which spelled out how to ratify a statement like ours. Strangely enough, parliamentary procedure was not the method used. It was more like the rule was in the hands of a few, they decided what was to be done and all others followed accordingly. That was how it was decided that the business meeting vote did not hold any weight and that the real vote would be at 11:30, bedcheck.

I speak of apathy. It was there when some one said, "wait a minute, the twenty-odd people not present knew there was a business meeting, so tough luck, we have a majority!"



There were those who didn't like some of our wording. Men especially did not believe in one sentence of ours which read: "Ours is a male structured society which condones violence and aggression and suppresses cooperative nurturing qualities inherent in both sexes although traditionally assigned to women." Some were against disarmament or an arms freeze and saw the statement as a threat to their beliefs.

But why didn't anyone come to us to suggest changes? There was no feedback, although our invitation was open.

I think the LRYers were very much afraid of having their names associated with something slightly controversial or not quite in accord with our governments tendencies. This amazes and saddens me. They were afraid that their names would be on a list in the Pentagon. They were afraid to speak out for humanity!

I do not hold any few influential people responsible, rather the failure to ratify our statement is a reflection of the entire conference.



--Rachel Bunker

This is the above-mentioned statement that caused such an uproar. It is endorsed by the LRY Executive Committee.

Throughout history, mankind has imagined and developed weapons for one purpose--to be used. There is no reason to believe that nuclear weapons would be an exception.

In an age when our world can be destroyed many times over, war has taken on a new dimension threatening all life. Our decision makers, however, continue to maintain that we can not only survive a nuclear war but win one as well. This is particularly alarming when one considers the on-going medical consequences of the Hiroshima bombing which was minute compared to our present-day nuclear capabilities.

Ours is a male structured society which condones violence and aggression and suppresses cooperative, nurturing qualities inherent in both sexes although traditionally assigned to women.

What is needed is a profound change in thinking. We need a definition of strength and security that does not depend on an arms race.

In the event of nuclear war, the youth of the world have the most to lose. Having no legal power in decisions needed to halt the arms race, we cry out for the right to live out our lives in peace without the fear of nuclear annihilation.

Dear LRY, COC, etc...

A group of us hearing no particular name (hence--"SRL" for convenience)* had a "continental" conference near Olympia, Washington, June 18-29. We traded work for the use of an eighty acre farm, which saved enough money to enable us to put out a newsletter. A total of approximately eighty people came to the conference, with the daily average being between forty and fifty present. At least fifty of the conferees are present or former Unitarians.

The constructive energy level at the conference was quite good. We would work for three hours, have workshops for three to five hours, then free time after dinner. Work was often disorganized, but we got a lot accomplished, kept the place clean, and left wanting to do a work-trade at our next conference. Workshops were well-attended. Improving work-trade efficiency will be discussed in the upcoming newsletter.

We have apparently been operating as an anarchist group in the recent past, and this conference did much to reaffirm our commitment to this form of self-government. We did not decide on a new name for the group, although SRL (Beyond Religious Liberalism) and SOLP (Society of Unusual People) were considered to be nice ideas. I don't think we have, as a group, any bylaws (which makes "SRL" a misnomer--I'm sure SRL has lots of bylaws). The SRL Archives have been passed from Cat Carney to me.

Our next continental conference will be around the '82 summer solstice (early

summer--ed) probably near Mt. Shasta (in Northern California). We are interested in seeing an east coast continental, preferably in the late summer.

I'm looking for communication with others, suggestions for our next conference, articles and donations for our newsletter (which will be out in late Fall/early Winter). Y'all take care, more later, please write.

love, Bob.



Dear Folks,

You printed a song in People Soup about "The Twelve Days of Reagan's Budget", which a bunch of us sang at the Hartford Conference. Since you wanted to know who was supposed to get credit, I just thought I would share something with you about the song and about what's going on. Lenny and I had heard that song before and we decided to do it at the coffeehouse. We did not come up with the idea for the song.

A group of folks from Pennsylvania (I think) sang that song inside the Pentagon (U.S. War Dept.) at a gathering of people in protest and civil disobedience against the governments continued efforts to promote war, poverty, racism, etc., etc. People got together to say "No more business as usual." No more engineering of our destruction to go undisturbed. We cannot allow them to prepare for war in peace. That's their usual business. Make no mistake about it, war is big business. Corporations make large profits on military production; their contracts with the Pentagon guarantee their profit margin.

Lenny, Lauren and I went down from Connecticut with a van full of people to be a part of this action. About six hundred of us spent the last three days of December doing guerilla theater, vigiling, marching, chanting, sitting in, singing, praying, --speaking out for life at the temple of Death.

The United States and the Soviet Union have enough nuclear weapons to overkill every human being on this planet sixteen times; yet every day the U.S. adds three new nuclear warheads to its stockpile of over 9,200 "strategic" warheads. We have the technology to destroy all life on this planet in half an hour, yet they continue to develop new weapons technology and to make plans for "winning" something they call "limited nuclear war."

The U.S. government is getting ready for another war. All of the indications are there: The military budget gets increased. The draft is on the way back. Jimmy Carter would not rule out the use of military force to protect "our interests" in the Persian Gulf. Ronald Reagan points to El Salvador and says we must keep communism from spreading in "our hemisphere". Is everyone ready to "defend our interests" in Guatemala and Namibia? It's appropriate, after all, the Third World War will be fought in the countries of the Third World.

People need to get active. We need to educate ourselves about what is really going on. Stop accepting at face value the half-truths that are thrown at us. Go some thinking. We need to communicate with each other. The polarization of black/white, male/female, old/young, gay/straight, only serves to keep us divided and powerless. It's not enough to have the right idea. Ideas that do not get acted upon are lost in this world. We have to get ourselves moving in the right direction while we still have a chance.

Yours,
Liz Reiner

All Things Considered, I'd Rather be in Philadelphia

by Nan Warshaw

The 1981 General Assembly (GA), the annual meeting of Unitarian Universalists, was held in the City of Brotherly and Sisterly love. It took place June twelfth through eighteenth. Almost all the activities I attended were at the Sheraton in downtown Philadelphia. The theme of the opening ceremony was based on a quote by W.C. Fields which is on his gravestone: "All things considered, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

Youth Caucus (YC), youth ranging in age from twelve to twenty, met daily for business, workshops, discussions, and socializing. At one of our daily meetings we voted to take stands on a few resolutions that were to be brought before the delegates on the floor of the Plenary Sessions. The YC took stands and spoke on the floor in support of resolutions on: mandatory recording of the votes made by the UUA Board of Trustees; rule changes requiring non-discrimination on the basis of sexual and affectional orientation; and a rule change requiring non-discrimination on the basis of age. Not all the resolutions we supported passed, but we did get a feeling of accomplishment: we participated in the decision making process.

At the other YC meetings we had speakers and discussion leaders do workshops: Bob Wheatly, Director of the UU Office of Gay and Lesbian Concerns, came to speak about the office and the UU Lesbian/Gay Caucus. There was good participation in the discussion that followed. Another speaker, Liz Coit, from the UU Service Committee, spoke with us about life in other parts of the world and how the world hunger situation affects us all. Ken Brown led a workshop on Social Actions Involvement. We talked about social actions projects that we can do in our own societies and communities, what we would like to do, and how to go about getting it done.

Bob Alpern, Director of the UU Washington D.C. Office, led many informative

discussions on Registration and the Draft last year at GA. There was still a great interest this year, so we invited Bob back to give an update on the situation and to talk about the reality of the arms race. All the speakers showed how important it is to be informed and involved in the social actions movement.

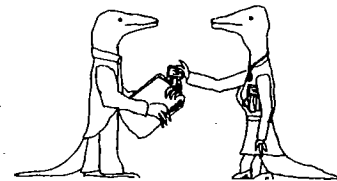
The YC meetings went well, but by mid-week we felt that there was a need to have a YC social event. We had been together for business and housing, but we needed a time to get to know each other better. Besides our Youth Caucus social gathering, there was other fun entertainment, such as: The Gay Gong Show; a most moving concert by Sweet Honey in the Rock (sponsored by the Social Actions Clearinghouse); and the UU Service Committee Follies.

The social activities were great fun, but only a small portion of the total GA program. There were many high powered, well led, workshops relating to youth, from Peer Counseling to Youth Programming. Loretta Williams, Director, Social Responsibility, spoke about the national Youth Service. This proposed bill is an alternative to the conventional method of draft registration and selective service that has been used in the past. It involves mandatory service for the country, but the choice of type of service is up to the individual...although Military service is strongly encouraged, it does leave other options open to the war objector. Not many youth seem to be aware of this proposal (The McKloskey Bill). Loretta's workshop illustrated the point that we must be aware of options and alternatives open to us. Wayne Arnason, Consultant on Youth Programs, spoke in one of the daily UU History programs on the history of the youth movement. For people interested in Common Ground, there was a Youth Assembly Hearing as well as a Common Ground Delegates briefing.

Speakout, a public radio broadcast sponsored by The Cambridge Forum, gave Religious Liberals a chance to express their opinions on how attacks from the new religious right affect them. I was given the opportunity to speak on behalf of youth. Below is an excerpt from that speech:

"...The new religious right is suggesting... repressive measures to be taken in highschools across the country, such as: The teaching of biblical creation, forced prayer, and the elimination of sex education. We (Youth) are concerned by the growing alliance between the new religious right and the political right in America. Youth will not allow our educational and life options to be restricted. We will oppose cuts in education grants, lower pay for youth, and a forced military... Let us not take the easy way out through apathy and blind acceptance of a single truth."

The Youth Caucus held a worship service which was well attended and enjoyable. GA was one of the busiest weeks of my life. I worked hard, played hard, and got very little sleep. Next year's GA will be held at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, on June twenty-first through twenty-seventh. Hope you can be there and have as fulfilling and experience as I have.



The whole world is about three drinks behind.

Humphrey Bogart

FEAR AND LOATHING IN THE PHILLY SHERATON

The first question that came to mind as I lay passed out on the blood red carpet was: What are in those blue folders that everyone but me has? The second question in my mind was: Where am I? Oh yeah, UUA GA. Five initials, a week of my life, we're going to learn something. Devoted liberals searching for a cause. I must take off my pack, or at least sit down and center myself. Things were becoming foggy. A blue badge asked me if I needed any help. I realized the carpet was rapidly approaching. I must deal with this... I dealt with it... watching my knees buckle, I found myself on the floor.

Meanwhile, she wandered through the crowd of faces... they would smile in recognition (after they read her name tag)

LYRer
Tourist
Mug me

There was an over whelming feeling of drunkenness in the air. Rumour has it that one can experience G.A. without alcohol... There were lots of signs that said so.



The basis of optimism is sheer terror.
-Oscar Wilde

"you trust someone and...bam! they up and lose their minds"
-ryk mcintyre

"in philadelphia, i'm sure that i got healthier. maybe it's right to be nervous now..."
-howard devoto

Semi-conscious and partially blinded by the neon-blue folders, she suddenly spied the heap of tired taco collapsed in the corner. She swam upstream through the business suits and dashikis...until she was standing next to me amid the upper middle class aura. She dropped her folder on my head.

I screamed.
She laughed...then she said, "OOH-OOH-AAH-GAH!" --and after a quick glance in either direction, she hissed, "We Must Maintain."

"What?"
"Are you registered yet?"
"What?"
"Registered... (you know they're all registered, ALL OF THEM)...you get a matching badge and folder. It's the only way you can get into the hospitality suites."

"What?"
"Do you have your pre-reg. receipt?"
"What?"
"Don't worry...I forgot mine too. They'll hate us both now."

MASSIVE WAVE OF
PARANOIA

She clutched my arm and dragged me to my feet. Clutching my shoulders, with a frantic look in her eyes, she said it again, "WE MUST MAINTAIN"

--HEAD RUSH, LACK OF SLEEP, TOO MUCH CAFFEINE, LIZARDS!! And they're giving these things alcohol!!! Track shoes! Order track shoes or we'll never maintain footing on this blood-soaked carpet!!

(we let ourselves be sucked into the stream of bodies funneling through the doors) I don't remember the name of the bar, but it looked a lot like the plenary sessions. They both had something to do with money. People pouring gin and tonics into blue folders. Smiling chaos. "Just give them some money and they'll leave us alone." Maintain. A toast, to "an urban experience", oh yeah, and to the lizards.

The woman registered me even though I'd spaced my receipt. I was confused. Why were everyone's initials J.P.D.? (did they know? had they caught on yet?) She must have won first place in registration... So many shiny blue ribbons. Now registered, I was one of them. I was afraid to look in my (MY!) blue folder...all of this must mean something.

A group of familiar faces wanted to go to "the church." I gripped my folder apprehensively. The youth separatist army could not afford a cubicle in the Sheraton. Maintain...

We left the Urban Experience designed for suburban lizards and took to the streets. We almost passed out as we passed through the mouth of the Sheraton. What! All of Philadelphia is not airconditioned! I swayed a bit in the heavy humid air. With the controlled environment behind us we were left to deal with the cars, heat, people, subways, and an unbadged crowd. No carpet--cement. The cleats of our track shoes skidded on the pavement. Useless. We must adapt, adjust, (maintain!). The enemy seems to be a step ahead of us! I crossed the street to the sound of squealing tires and high-pitched screams...passing the people, the cars, the red light...they were all out to get us, all of them.

We found our barracks. Greeted by a sign "Even Unitarians must close the door." The Sheraton didn't have cockroaches (...or did it?) The community spirit, like that of the nursery school our resting-place housed, lifted us to our feet, around the room, and out the door. "Oh God!" (suddenly the realization) "Check the time!" she screamed, with a crazed look in her eyes...paving at my wrist in hone of a watch. (Countdown to Snyder/Manson interview) We roam the streets.

"We must get to a television, NOW!!!" The quest is successful. Chuck twirls his microphone cord...into the night...



CONT. ON P.7

8 Soup Kitchen...



are able to cook. It is hard to do pancakes without a grill, and hard to do pizza without a large and reliable oven. Keep in mind the size of the facility and the number of people you expect to feed. Fifty is the top number you can feed out of a conventional sized kitchen using normal batch methods. Any more will need to be fed in shifts. The most common problem is that the pots aren't big enough to feed everyone at once. If there is only a small refrigerator, you will need to buy some of the more perishable items more than once. In the fall and winter the vegetables and other items that need cool, but not cold storage can be put in a cool place, off the floor. Plan the food to suit the equipment available. In a pinch, you can make things like spaghetti sauce somewhere else and bring it to the site and you can always eat sandwiches...

With these things in mind, you can begin to plan the menu. You should decide some amount of money that you plan to spend per conference on food to be used as a buffer fund. Keeping this and the people you are feeding (with their dietary choices/restrictions) and the program considerations in mind you can now begin to plan the menu. Take a large piece of paper and mark off a column for each meal that you plan to serve. Write down as many ideas as you can think of that fill the restrictions that you have decided upon. It is a good idea to also plan a bunch table of things like fruit, popcorn, granola, etc. that people can eat anytime (it keeps them out of the kitchen). Now go over the list and arrange the choices to allow for the greatest variety in meals. (i.e. don't have eggs for breakfast and quiche for lunch). Try to have one meal that will please each interest group, plan a good non-meat meal for at least one night. People may learn from the new food, and it can be alot cheaper than serving meat. Veggies get really tired of cottage cheese and canned peaches...Some foods don't really need meat, like macaroni and cheese, and pizza. Some meals, like spaghetti can easily be made with two sauces, one meat and one non-meat. One of the most important things to keep in mind is the amount of hidden meat that may be in many prepared foods. If there is lard in something, tell people, or put a note on it. The same thing goes for something that may be unobvious like sugar and milk in places where they are not expected.

Once this list is arranged, you need to go over it and make a list of any special utensils that you will need, like pressure cookers, strainers, tongs, a food processor, a blender, and don't forget the garbage bags tinfoil, and dish soap. Some of these things can be found at the site, but it is nicest to replace them if you use them. Find out what you can borrow from local members. Be creative and improvise with the food but make sure that whoever is cooking has made the dish before or is working from a reliable recipe and knows what the dish should taste and look like. If you don't have enough dishes tell people to bring them and also buy some paper, not styrafoam, cups and plates.

Remember to arrange a list with the amounts of ingredients needed for all the things which you plan to prepare. This includes all beverages, the snacks for the munchie table, any condiments, and special foods for any program (like a pie or mango). When you have an idea about what you need, consult the recipe for the amounts, and then begin calling to find the best places to buy the supplies that you need.

The yellow pages can be useful. Look under food warehouses, or specific types of food like cheese or vegetables. If you are near a large city, you can take advantage of the farmers market that usually takes place on Friday or Saturday. If you get there at the end of the day they are likely to sell you things cheaper than in the morning because they want to get rid of the stuff. In the correct season and area you can go out and pick fruit at an orchard for good prices. Someone in the group may be a member of a local food co-operative, or a food buying club. Call your local health food store and ask them for the name and number of the warehouse where they buy their food. You may be able to buy some items bulk if you need sufficient quantity.

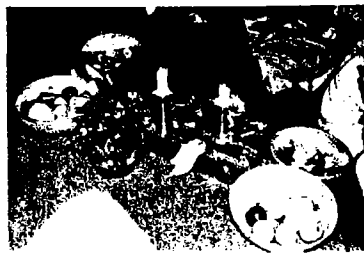
If you have to buy at a grocery store tell them that you are a church group and they may be able to give you a tax break. Ask when the produce comes in and try to arrange to buy full crates of fruit and any vegetables that you need. If you have to buy

from the isles buy the largest packages that you can and try to buy the generic or house brands. Some stores will sell you cases at cost. Planning ahead can almost always save you money. Take advantage of seasonal produce and fruit. Call around, tell them that you intend to make large purchases and see who will offer you the best deal.

Most of the food will keep pretty well, but you will have to keep buying the more perishable items as the fridge clears out. This is where someone with a car can be very useful. It also helps to find a 24 hour store, or to find some local group member who can keep things at home until they are needed.

Be sure to leave lots of time for preparation of the meals. It will inevitably take longer than you expect it to. Remember to get people to set up the room to eat in before the meal. Decide who will serve the food and how it will be distributed. Depending on the size of the group, you may want to serve the meal family style, everyone sitting and being served at the same time, or cafeteria style, with some people serving as the rest line up. With this second form of serving, remember that you are feeding the people at the end of the line too. Start small and there may be some left for seconds. Mealtimes are a good time for announcements, or for singing. After the meal, people can wash their own dishes or you can make up a dish crew. If you take volunteers, you are likely to see the same tired faces in the kitchen all the time. Sometimes family groups are hard to track down for clean ups. If you remind them of their responsibility to the conference you can squeeze the munchkins for work. One good strategy is to not start the next meal until the kitchen has been cleaned.

So, you finished the cooking at your first conference. How was it? Be sure to have a de-briefing meeting to discuss things that should be done better next time. Try to meet with someone from the church to discuss the condition of the kitchen, and make sure that it's okay. It was a great conference, guess what, they want you to cook for the Board of Directors meeting...



SOCIAL ACTION bulletin!!!



war-on smileys!!!!

It has recently been discovered that the cliché seemingly harmless

SMILEY BUTTONS so many people are accustomed to wearing at social gatherings, are actually cleverly disguised alien beings trained by Soviets to suck out the personality of every AMERICAN.

THIS MUST BE STOPPED!!!
If you, anyone, ANYONE, wearing one of these killer buttons, SHOOT THEM IMMEDIATELY!!! Then rid them up, stuff them in a small white, envelope and mail them directly to Cleveland BUT BE CAREFUL!!!

the right to bread

Loretta J. Williams, Director
Section of Social Responsibility, UUA

The "right to bread" is a human and political right recognized and affirmed by many streams of Christian, ethical, humanist and other religious perspectives in the United States. Political action to secure this right is also recognized as an essential part of the chore of securing this right.

The election of 1980 has had a far-reaching impact on the political agenda of hunger action. A new administration, new alignments of power in the Congress, and an economic situation in the U.S., which is more precarious than at any other time since the Great Depression. How can we respond?

Did you know that:

Average benefits under the Food Stamp Program under attack by the Reagan administration is 43c a meal?

75% of food stamp recipients in 1980 are children, the elderly, and single parents who are heads of households?

Yet we are facing in the United States unprecedented cutbacks in social programs. While some persons are rubbing their hands with delight over the "New" economic experiment, human needs organizations and interfaith coalitions are digging in for a long hard fight to protect social services. Can support be mobilized for a responsible budget? Can we speak out effectively against the twin evils of increased militarism and social services cutbacks?



Yes, we can be truth-tellers, for one. We can mount the podium and the mails to publicize alternative budgeting: higher alcohol taxes, removal of the tobacco subsidy, higher tobacco taxes etc. We can urge the implementation of the Humphrey Hawkins Full Employment Act. And we can remind ourselves and others of the deplorable conditions existing before the country moved to begin federalizing welfare payments, Medicaid and the like. Withdrawal of federal government props undergirding the fragile economic web supporting poor families with minor children will be a disaster.

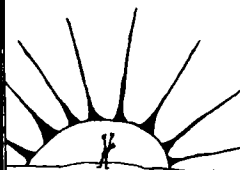
But what specifically can I do, you ask. The Food Stamp Program needs your support--and that of your members in Congress. Congressional committees are now deciding how many people will get how much food stamp assistance over the next few years. The House Budget Committee will act mid-April followed then by full congressional action in the spring.

Mount a campaign of letters to your Representatives and Senators immediately. Urge them to support legislation which would:

1. Authorize the Food Stamp Program at current eligibility levels for the next four years and
2. Provide sufficient funds for the program in Fiscal Year '82.

As religious and ethical persons we believe the justice demands particular attention to the needs of the poor. Federal food programs, including food stamps, provide one small means by which society attempts to help needy members achieve an adequate diet. The statistics demonstrate the meagerness of the program. Yet that meagerness is headed for cuts without action by concerned citizens.

If anything is out of control, it is surely not the programs of assistance themselves but rather the troubles in our national economy which are increasing both unemployment and poverty. The answer to the question, "Is the program costing too much?" must surely pose a counter question: "Too much compared to what?"



Living For The Dream, Dying For The Dream

The Fight For Irish Freedom

by Richard Terrass

On December 18, 1978, Ciaran McGillicuddy arrived in Long Kesh -- another Irish Republican sentenced to the H-Blocks of Her Majesty's Maze Prison just outside of Belfast. At the time, Ciaran was sixteen years old.

Originally arrested on January 9, 1978, and released later that same day, Ciaran was re-arrested on March 14, 1978. He was refused bail and was held in Crumlin Road Prison until October 17, 1978 when his "trial" began before the single judge of a juryless Diplock court. Like well over 90% of all prisoners brought before the Diplock Courts, Ciaran was convicted and on October 26, 1978 he was sentenced to four years detention for allegedly acting as a lookout during a bombing incident and for membership in Fianna Eireann, an "outlawed" Republican youth organization.

As is the case in most trials before the Diplock courts, Ciaran was convicted solely on the basis of a "confession" which he was forced to sign in police custody with neither his parents, nor a lawyer present. When Ciaran's parents were finally allowed to see him, Ciaran told them that he had only signed the "Confession" in order to bring a stop to the beatings he had been subjected to by the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC).

During Ciaran's trial, the police doctor who had examined Ciaran after his interrogation said that he had found nothing wrong with Ciaran, however, Ciaran's lawyer pointed out that the police doctor's notes mentioned finding several bruises on Ciaran's chest and neck and that Ciaran had reported being choked by police during his interrogation.

Ciaran refused to wear the prison uniform and went "on the blanket" to protest the treatment he had received and to demand to be treated as a political prisoner. By going on the blanket, Ciaran joined over two-hundred and fifty Republican prisoners (there are currently over four-hundred) in demanding political status. The blanket protest, which began in 1976 has given rise to a new proverb in the folklore of the eight-hundred and twelve year struggle to free Ireland from British rule, "A prison blanket is the noblest gown an Irishman can wear."

Ciaran McGillicuddy has spent more than half of his life living with "the troubles", as the fighting against the British is known. Ciaran and those he grew up with are now the youths, the young men and women; and a new generation of children has grown up never having known anything but the troubles.

Ciaran's case is not atypical. Children and youths in British-occupied Ireland must live with the troubles every day and frequently they find themselves the deliberate targets of both the British army and the RUC.

In recent weeks, several children and youths have been killed or seriously injured by the British army and the RUC. Rubber and plastic bullets are fired directly into crowds and at individuals despite international agreements which forbid the firing of riot-control devices such as rubber and plastic bullets directly at people. Still others have been fired on with live ammunition or have been caught in the crossfire.

Shortly after the death of Bobby Sands on hunger strike May 5, 1981, the British army and the RUC began sweeping through the hospitals and arresting any injured youths under the Prevention of Terrorism Act and holding them without charges for up to twenty-eight days.

The psychological and emotional impact of the troubles on the children and youths of British-occupied Ireland has been studied extensively and reported on by Dr. Rona Fields of Temple University and Dr. Morris Fraser, a psychiatrist with the Royal Belfast Hospital for Sick Children. Dr. Fields and Dr. Fraser found that several thousand children have suffered severe trauma, cerebral dysfunction, neurological impairments, and severe psychological problems which have affected every aspect of their lives. In many cases, the damage is permanent and irreversible.

These children have seen their friends and family members arrested and imprisoned, their homes destroyed, and their schools used as barracks. In the words of Dr. Fraser, "With the establishment of Long Kesh Internment camp and, as towards the end of 1971, total arrests reached several hundred, there was added to the earlier stresses the fear that the father would be interned... An army swoop must, of course, be unexpected: it is often dramatic, and -- at least for a child -- always frightening."

An eleven year old Belfast girl expressed the terror very clearly in a letter to the BBC program *Your Own Voices* during 1971 when she wrote:

"I lay awake all that night. I lay in horror, afraid and sobbing. I heard cries of fear and shots all around me. I thought of my friends out (sic) the next street. Would any of them be killed? Would they be burned out? Everyone in our family was downstairs except me and my younger sisters. The next morning it was quiet. Then a man came around crying out: 'Leave at once!' Some men tried to hold off the invaders. Others dumped women and children into cars and drove them as far away as they could. I was taken to someone's house; someone I didn't know, but I didn't care, as long as I was safe. Then I began to fret, because my mother and father and the rest of my family were somewhere else. Four days later I found out where the rest of my family were, and we went back to our street. It was quiet. Because no one else was there. It was black, ugly, and ghostly. It was burnt out shells of houses."

It is difficult for someone who has not lived through the terror to understand just what it means to live in constant fear that you, your friends, or your family might be arrested and imprisoned, killed, or seriously injured. These fears are very real, however, for the people of British-occupied Ireland live in a community where, during the last ten years, at least one family in every six has had at least one member interned, imprisoned, tortured, or killed.

This is the world that Ciaran McGillicuddy has known for more than half of his life. This is the only world that an entire generation of children has known. The children in the north of Ireland are the product of the British occupation of Ireland. Ciaran McGillicuddy is the resistance to that occupation. Far from breaking the spirit of resistance, the British campaign of terror has only served to strengthen the resistance and fan the flames of Republicanism.

II

The current hunger strike is the outgrowth of the Blanket Protest, begun September 14, 1976 when Kieran Nugent, the first prisoner denied Political Status under the new British policy of "criminalization" resolved, "If they want me to wear prison garb, they will have to nail it on me."

Political Status had originally been granted to Republican and Loyalist prisoners in 1972 as the result of a hunger strike by several Republican prisoners. Political Status entitled the prisoners to wear their own clothes, have a weekly visit and food parcel, freely associate among themselves, and to not do prison work. The political prisoners were housed in twenty-two prisoner of war camp type barracks known as cages.

In granting Political Status, Britain had apparently assumed that the nationalist community in occupied Ireland would soon be defeated and that therefore, the granting of Political Status was a small concession. By 1976, however, it was apparent to the British that they were no closer to a solution to the Irish problem, either militarily, or politically. As a result of that realization, the British government announced that all prisoners convicted of offenses committed after March 1, 1976 would be denied Political Status.

Lady Rock



by Mika Davis

There was the wierdest looking rock directly in front of me--it had no shape to speak of, and it was shiny...so even though I didn't look right up at the sun, I was aware of it's brilliance in the sky. I leaned forward, picked up the rock and played with it as I thought.

The cliff that Jackie and I were on was nice and secluded--It had a view of the mountains and a valley--all of it green. My thoughts weren't really on where I was right then--they were on Jackie. Jackie and I were on strange terms, and I felt torn up just being around her. She was a small girl with brown hair and eyes that jumped at you. Her size had little to do with what she was as a person. To me, she was gigantic, she had my heart captured and all the stuff--the mind games, the lies--were all part of how we related to each other. I'd come out here with her to talk about a piece of information which I had learned unexpectedly.

"Jackie--" I started, "Jackie, we made love two nights ago and now you won't let me touch you! What's going on?"

Her silence was harder to take than a scream.

"Jackie--" I was cut off by a reply.

"Jerry, our relationship shouldn't be a relationship where there is pushing--I like how open and honest we are with each other and I'd like to keep it special."

My temper was fading fast.

"Definitely--" I said, "Open-honest, and that's why while you were a guest at my house last Wednesday you slept with Marc while I was at work."

She looked at me for a moment, and then said, "He pushed me into it--I couldn't stop it, really...I--" she stumbled with her words for a moment, "I--look, I didn't feel comfortable, but it happened."

"While I wanted you, and you had denied me, you sleep with my best friend, in my house, behind my back!"

I felt myself losing control. "You never mentioned it--I had to find out from him while he was drunk last night!"

"Jerry--our relationship isn't one where I have to tell you things like that --we're not married or anything."

"Yeah," I snapped--"it's whatever you want to make it and you keep changing it on me--"

"look, I don't feel comfortable talking to you, I'd like to go now and see Mitch."

Mitch was her other lover, although she was more constant with him in a sexual manner, and also in how she related to him.

"Jerry, your monogamous devotion to me is wonderful, but--"

It all happened almost too quick to remember.

"Slut!" I screamed, Jackie had stood to leave but I was yelling mad. With all the force I could, I pushed her off the cliff.

She hung on the ledge with one hand, still on the edge. Yes, now her disposition had changed.

"Jerry..." she started to cry...

"please..."

I reached down as if to grab her hand --but couldn't, not at the thought of all she'd done to me.

I instead took the heel of my hiking boot and smashed it squarely on her hand.

The scream seemed to last forever, as she fell...and then, it was all over. She was gone. I was upset at one thing, though. In the scuffle, that strange rock rolled off the cliff.

DO YOU READ THE UU WORLD???

Do you dare display delinquency?
Don't you deem *delinquency* delightful?
Don't Delay... Dig your *Donor's*
Diverse *Deia*... Do it!!

subscriptions; write to
UU WORLD
25 BEACON STREET
BOSTON, MASS 02108



cont. on page 10

One of the hunger strikers, Kieran Doherty, and Paddy Agnew, a Republican in-

The current phase in the British occupation of Ireland began in 1969 when a peaceful civil rights march by Catholics and other members of the Nationalist community was brutally attacked by large numbers of Loyalists at several points along their route with clubs, rocks, and bottles while the RUC watched on and encouraged the Loyalists. In some cases members of the RUC joined in the beatings. Some marchers were killed and hundreds were injured. The civil rights movement had begun in 1965, inspired by the gains made by the American civil rights movement under Martin Luther King. Led by the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association (NICRA), the movement was aimed at

cont. on page 12

Nan Warsaw, 1978

Una Isla ☆

Hay una isla que se llama estrella,
Que a mi es muy precioso.
En mi corazón quería brillar,
Se luce con calor amoroso.

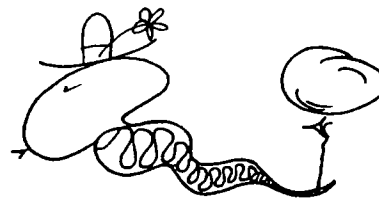
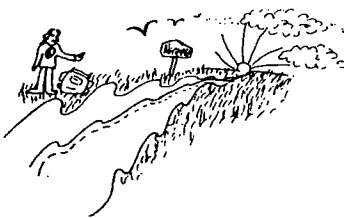
Cuando yo llego a la orilla pequeña,
Te recibo un sensación calma;
Cuando yo nado en la capilla pequeña,
La serenidad vitaliza mi alma.

--Rebecca Harris

© 1981 Brains in the Dirt Music
(...stir it around and make mind-pies...)

poetry ?!

Poetry POETRY



(no title)

psychedelic colors in the
prisms of my head the
prisons of my hands.
moonlight? slides
between the blinds and
deposits on the floor a
small offering of tuppence
and a small offering
of tolerance slips thru
the slats of the floor
and falls down to the
nether-darkness of moonbeams
I sit and wonder
wander in my head
soaring about the invisible
boundaries of my head
I see the starlight
& feel the starlight &
touch and then I die
with the starshines.
Dive dive to the bottom
of the ocean floor
where the starfish are
many colors and the
mushrooms grow in
abundance. we sit
around the majestic
pillow with the master
and he offers us
he coughs up the
bread—he breaks
the bond in micro
scopic fragments
and then then we all
zoom to the top of
an infrared crumb
where we partake of
an innocent meal or two.
the colors fly by with
increasing speed and
the stars begin to fade as
the spaceship breaks
the barrier and we float
free in the...limitless
...blackness....dark-
ness...pillow-soft
and then fall, fall
with amazing swiftness
faster, faster faster faster...
and then the linoleum
is cold and my shirt
is scratchy it is time
to go to school and/
with no food for
hours, yet and all my
books are not here
so I walk/ out the
door into the/ rain
and turn and wave/
good-bye to the master.

--Space

If Bushes were Men,
would Redwoods
be Gods?

In song I feel what I know
And learn what is hidden within.
I've overflowed the ear.
And tipped the soul cradle,
Pleased the animal in me.
Sent my spirit to the high.
I've sung till I'm the words
And nothing else exists.
It is.
I feel it.
It is free flight in crisp air.
I drink the blue sky
And sing...

--Pandora Setian

All the kids on the road with knapsacks...
going from one disaster to another.

Bill Graham



DEMON

There was a bird flown by my window
blackier than a raven's wing
with eyes as white as thundermate.
Buried beneath my feather cover
I shivered at his raucous scream
and hid from his sight,
for I knew he'd come for me.
Damn your glowing eyes
that seek me but see nought
of what I have known.
Devil kiss turned in deceit,
I have known your demon touch
in moments when greater women would not have fallen
and did not shrink away
when your eyes fell on my unriddled
with crucifix sores.

--Becca Kovar

But if you were not mad, you would not
be here.

The Mad Hatter



Hello... my name is Snavelly
and I am the guardian to the
land of Loopa where all is
beautiful.
Would you like to come?
Just believe,
and you're there

I do not do drugs... I am drugs.
--Salvatore Dali

Friend...GOOD.
Frankenstein Monster

Love is when two people who care for
each other get confused.
Bob Schneider

It'd be nice to publish alternate univ-
erses....
Jerry Garcia

Star Island 1981

In misty radiance rises our island.
Transcending harsh wind, and sea
Who would crumble her. Serene
Haven, of pure loving spirits
Drawing wanderers from across time,
Space. Oneness sought through her hearts.

Beating in the rhythm of the tides, heartbeat
Found in the waves caressing our island.
Our Star is timeless:
Constant Polaris of the sea
We orient our spirits
To tune with her, and thus find serenity.

We are her children now, and she serene
As our archetypal Mother, in heart
And in her loving spirit.
In young imitation we are islands,
And connected beneath some sea;
Such unity is timeless.

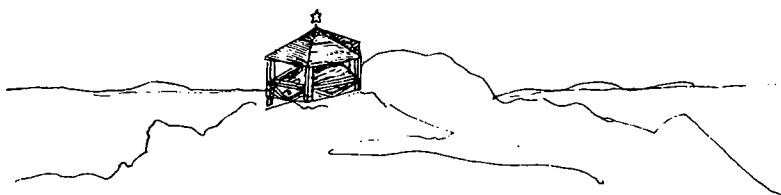
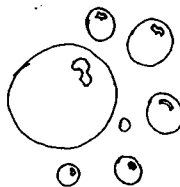
Yet fleeting seems our time:
We cringe, fearing to lose this serenity,
This new-found tranquility. The sea
Might rise to drown us. Our hearts
Fill with anxiety. We remember: "Islands
Are we all in truth, in spirit..."

But no Our spiritual
Union is timeless.
One need not return to islandhood,
Nor erect a breakwater to protect a serene,
Unthreatened coast. How heartless
To wall out this sea
Of love, this infinite connecting sea,
This universal spirit.
We have sought to bear our hearts
Here. Thus a day is eternity in Star-time,
Beings fill with serenity
And find they are no longer islands
ere by the sea: this is our time.
A spirit we are serene,
and in heart we are loving on Star Island.

--Margo Hobbs

The blank walls,
bare oak floor
once inhabited by a bed and me. An empty closet
formerly
cluttered, once life touched--now cobwebs brush lightly
across
the ceiling until the next moving-in.

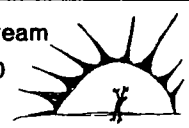
'76 or '77
--Donna DeBiasse



It may be that our role on this planet
is not to worship God-but to create him.
Arthur C. Clarke

12 Living For The Dream

cont. from page 10



fighting the officially sanctioned discrimination against Catholics in employment, housing, education, and government. Between 1965 and 1969 several civil rights marches had been attacked, but the attack on this march had been the worst.

Riots broke out in the wake of the attack on the civil rights march. On the evening of August 12, 1969, Loyalist mobs, "B" specials, and members of the RUC in Derry and Belfast brutally attacked Nationalist areas killing several people and burning homes. Entire blocks of homes in Nationalist areas were burned out. In all, over five-hundred homes were destroyed. The Nationalist people were defenseless and it appeared likely that the government in the Irish Free State would be compelled by public opinion to send Irish troops into occupied Ireland. As a result, British Prime Minister Harold Wilson ordered several thousand British troops into the north of Ireland as a "peacekeeping" force. It was at this point that the Provisional IRA broke from the "official" IRA, which had been dormant since 1962, and adopted a policy of defending Nationalist areas.

In the beginning, there may have been some justification to the claims that the army was in Ireland in a peacekeeping role in that they probably prevented a major bloodbath and full-scale war against the unprepared Nationalist community. By the end of 1969, however, it became apparent that British army had no intention of leaving and their major role was to preserve the status quo against a feared intervention by the Free State army and the ultimate liberation of the six occupied countries of Ireland.

According to Meurig Parri, a former infantry officer in the British army who served seven tours of duty in occupied Ireland between October of 1969 and 1973, by the middle of 1970 it was apparent to the British soldier that they were no longer a "peacekeeping" force but were, in fact, fighting a war against the Nationalist community. Parri went on to say that the initial welcome that the British army had received in Nationalist areas changed rapidly to hatred as the true role of the army became apparent.

By the end of 1970 British soldiers were receiving full battle training prior to being sent into Ireland and the instructions

on the "yellow cards" (instructions on when a soldier could use his gun) were changed to permit shooting "any time it was reasonably certain that the person was a member of the enemy". During 1970 the British also encouraged the soldiers to fraternize with the Nationalist population in the hope that the soldiers would gain useful intelligence information and that the people would grow to sympathize with the soldiers. What happened instead was that the soldiers began to sympathize with the Nationalists which resulted in over three-hundred British soldiers deserting between 1970 and 1973.

In 1971 internment began and over one-thousand Nationalists were rounded up and held in two jails, one prison ship, and two rural concentration camps without charges for indefinite periods of time. The Nationalists' reaction was extreme. Five thousand refugees fled into the Free State and the Provisional IRA stepped up activity, shifted to an offensive campaign against the British army and the RUC. The NICRA helped organize a rent strike in public housing and a tax withholding campaign to protest internment. The NICRA also organized several massive anti-internment marches.

It was at one of these marches, on Sunday January 30, 1972 (Bloody Sunday) that British paratroopers opened fire on the marchers as the rally was about to begin, killing thirteen demonstrators instantly and wounding scores of others. None of those killed and injured were armed and none of the paratroopers were injured. At the conclusion of his inquest, the Derry city coroner, Major Hubert O'Neill, accused the British paratroopers of "sheer unadulterated murder".

The parallels to Viet-Nam are clearest when looking at the British governments reasons for the continued occupation of the north of Ireland. According to observers, including Meurig Parri, there are four major reasons the British government wishes to continue its occupation which are borne out by evaluation of past and present British actions, British documents, and speeches by British politicians.

First, and perhaps most importantly, since the end of World War II England has watched their empire, which once covered nearly one third of the Earth's surface, disintegrate as Nationalist movements were successful in winning independence. The psychological impact of this disintegration within England is incalculable.

Growing out of this is Britain's own version of the Domino Theory. That is, if Ireland goes, the British reason, Scotland and Wales may follow. Considering the growing Nationalist movements in Scotland and

Wales, this fear may be justified.

The third consideration is economic. In occupied Ireland, the British have a source of cheap labor. This cheap labor makes it much easier for the British government to hold down wages in the rest of Britain.

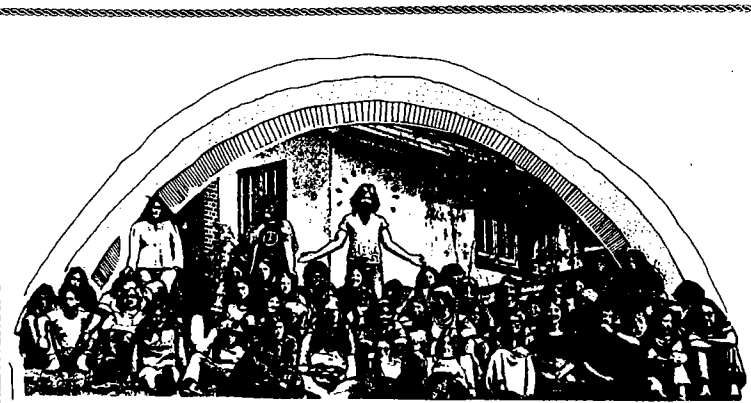
The final major consideration is the "Cuba Syndrome". Ireland does not belong to NATO and public sentiment is against joining NATO. The British government appears to fear that if they were to completely withdraw from Ireland it would jeopardize Britain's security.

As a result, Britain has made a major effort to convince their soldiers and the rest of the world that they are winning the war in occupied Ireland and that the "end" is in sight despite British intelligence showing that Britain is losing the war. The majority of British soldiers however, realize that they are losing the war and as a result of this morale is at an all time low. Alcoholism is a major problem in the army and large numbers of officers and enlisted men are leaving the army early because of objections to the war. The war has also created major recruiting problems for the British army, even in high unemployment areas.

British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher insists that occupied Ireland is part of Britain and that therefore Britain will never leave, despite the fact the latest polls have shown that over 60% of the British people want the troops out now. This is unacceptable to the Nationalist community on both sides of the artificially created border who are willing to fight and die if necessary to realize their goal of a free and united Ireland.

It seems clear that it will take open discussions between the various communities in all of Ireland to achieve this goal peacefully. It is also clear, however, that the Loyalist community has no reason to enter such a dialogue and sacrifice any of their discriminatory advantages while they have the British government's promise that the British army will be there as long as they want them to stay. The only way such dialogue will occur and a peaceful settlement will be reached is when the British government announces that it is leaving Ireland once and for all.

editors note-- Since the completion of this article two more hunger strikers have died: Joe McDonnell and Martin Hurston. At the time of this printing there are three others (Kieran Doherty, Kevin Lynch, and Thomas McElwee) who are reported to be close to death...



In The Beginning...

People Soup, that's a funny name. It brings to mind things like Communion, as in Stranger in a Strange Land. It brings to mind a common element, the sea is often referred to as a rich soup in which all the teeming life of earth was born. Or a common problem, "a fine soup we're all in".

This is People Soup. It is published by Liberal Religious Youth...The Soup will provide you with news of liberal religious youth and the world at large. It will act as a communication link, uniting youth across the continent, acting as a forum for the expression of ideas and ideals. I believe this newspaper will become extremely valuable to you as a program resource, as an information service and as an entertaining read-in.

And so...without much further ado...
Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking...

(This appeared on the cover of PEOPLE SOUP Volume 1, Issue 1, November/December 1973)

LIBY HUNN

(sung to the tune of "Finlandia" by Sibelius)

We would be one, as now we join in singing
Our hymn of youth, to pledge ourselves anew
To that high cause of greater understanding
Of who we are, and what in us is true.
We would be one in living for each other
To show the world a new community.

We would be one, in building for tomorrow
A greater world than we have know today.
We would be one, in searching for that meaning
Which binds our hearts, and points us on our way.
As one we pledge ourselves to greater service,
With love and justice to make us free.

